
[1]

I'm doing my final consolidation in a psych hosp, and most nurses on the floor have at least one story that leads them to believe the floor we work on is haunted.

Once, two nurses were on either end of the ward, trying to close windows...they'd close one, go to the next, close it, and the first windows would open again by itself. Finally, they both ran out of the rooms they were in, only to discover the other nurse doing the same.

Two nurses have had their hair flipped when no one was around, when they were sitting seclusion.

One nurse once felt something wet drip onto her hand when sitting seclusion. she looked, was something red, she wiped it off. Looked up, nothing on ceiling..that was it

a nurse (one of the one's the window thing happened to, and had her hair flipped) was doing rounds at the beginning of the shift. the shower room door was closed, but she heard shower running. She went, asked coworkers who was in shower..no one knew, didn't think anyone was. So she went to shower room, went to open door..it was locked, she could still hear shower going. She freaked a bit, thinking pt had been locked in. Unlocked door, opened it..and the shower stopped.

Same nurse, was sitting seclusion, could hear the door handle of

the locked solarium rattling like someone was trying to open it..is a lever type handle, the sound was it going up and down over and over. In the morning, she went in there, she had opened the window of the staff smoking room in there to air it outm, she thought maybe the wind had done it. The window was closed when she checked. No one had closed it.

Last night, same nurse and another went down to solarium, passed my male bathroom. no one in there, all pts were in bed. they got their smokes from the solarium, no more than 10, 15 secs later, walked back past male bathroom, tap was running. She had earlier turned off same tap, thinking someone had left it running.

Same nurse was once doing rounds, heard someone whisper loudly "FIRE!" in her ear. No one around.

Last night, another nurse was in staff room alone, heard very distinct 'CLICK CLICK' coming from the bathroom..few mins later, when she told us, another nurse was testing out sounds, trying to figure out what it was. The nurse who heard it said it sounded most like the door handle going up and down.

[2]

The human body is made of electrical activity. Electrical activity = Life. Energy can never be destroyed only converted. When someone does something enough times or their life ends with trauma or dramatically, it leaves an impression on the atmosphere where it happened. People who are sensitive to this

energy can sense or detect that energy. The more sensitive they are the more they sense, feel, or see. I've always been very sensitive to these energies and even when my grandmother died and came to me in my bedroom to tell me to take care of my mom just before the phone rang I tried to convince myself I was dreaming. So I guess that is my explanation as to things I have seen, felt experienced over the years and what others saw and told.

The first place I workd as an aide had been the county "poor house" so a couple hundred years of living and dying happened there. The old home is now the historical society and is open to the public. There is one building that has the name of the assylum. Our county disaster services agency had stuff stored there and I belonged to that unit. I hated going in there anywhere near dark because you could feel the confusion, hate, anger and even in the light you can SEE shadows of things that aren't there. The "new home" was built and all were moved just down the road back in 1976. I started working there as an aide when I turned 18 and even though I've left there several times I still work there as the Restorative RN now. When I first worked there; There was a LPN (grandfathered from an aide, yes they did that not so long ago.) that had the best stories. Some of the things she said would curl your hair. But I always thought they were just that. stories! Boy was I wrong. Even though the home was newly built and on farmland all of the residents and I think probably some of the energy moved with them. The wierdest things happened. One night I was working on one section and one of our residents died.

A friend and I were cleaning him up to prepare him for the funeral home and the light above the sink started turning itself off and on. Not only did the light turn off and on but the switch moved. Man did I get out of that room as fast as I could. Another nite I was on the other end and we had 3 gentlemen in the ward that had lost their legs and minds to untreated syphilis. Now note I said there minds were lost. A few rooms down a woman that we were expecting to die did so. At that very minute one of the men

in the ward sat up starting talking perfect sense asked some questions and went back to sleep. Also the couple acrossed the hall had a clock radio that the alarm no long worked in but they always still listened to the radio. That same time that alarm went off and stayed on till we went to check Olive and found that she had passed. Those were the mild stories. I don't know if I just wasn't as sensitive then or if I ignored a lot but it stayed about that mild.

My grandmother lived in one of the old mansion homes in the area. She could also tell you tales that would curl your hair but I always took it with a grain of salt. But I have to admit you sensed a lot just being in the home. I went to work there as an RN charge nurse just before they built a new home on the same ground and when it was done they tore down the old mansion home. Well believe me those energies moved into the new building quicker than we could. Call lights turning off and on, lights etc., even keys locking themselves in locked rooms etc. (The new home was equipped with surveillance cameras and that's how we found the keys.)

Needless to say I started believing my grandmothers stories. There was a man in the old home that died before I worked there and after my grandmother died so I had never seen or heard of him before. I would see him EVERY nite walking down the hall from his room and when he'd cross the threshold to the dining room would step very high as if there were a large step there. It was driving me nuts so I finally asked some of the aides that had been there a long time and described him to them they said oh that just "flicky" he always did that. I sometimes believe they stayed there because they had no others in their lives. Most of them came from the state hospital that had closed and the staff was really their only family. There were several of them that I would see a lot doing just as they had done in life looking and acting in the same manner. Was it just energy or were we the only ones that were there for them in life so they stayed in death.

[3]

Working the 3-11 shift in a nursing home, I was doing my med pass when I was summoned by a CNA to a room. Upon entering, the CNA states, "I think she just died, while I was changing her!" I checked for breathing, circulation and the patient's orders. She was a DNR (Do Not Resuscitate) then attempted to get a B/P. NOTHING..... so, I called to notify the Pt's son, who requested for Mom to be sent to the ER to be Pronounced, and they would go straight to the hospital. I contacted 911 (our protocol for transferring for pronouncement) and summoned the ambulance.

Approximately 20 minutes passed before the ambulance arrived. The Paramedic and EMT followed their protocol, and followed the same steps I had (breathing, circulation, and BP) and got NOTHING. By the time they loaded my patient, covered her, and set on the way to the hospital, 30-40 mins had passed.

In transport to our local hospital the ambulance had to cross a Railroad track. When the ambulance crossed the tracks, the patient sat up, pulled the sheet from her head, and proceeded to point and shake her hand at the Paramedic screaming, "TAKE ME BACK, TAKE ME BACK RIGHT NOW! I MEAN IT, TAKE ME BACK RIGHT NOW!!!" The EMT driving pulled over to check out the commotion, the Paramedic exited the Ambulance and proceeded to Vomit. The paramedic then continued to the hospital, and phoned the nursing home to tell me what had happened. Approximately an hour later, the son phoned stating "I was SURPRISED to arrive at the ER and my mom GREET me! Did you perform CPR after talking to me, you know she was a DNR, right?" When the family was told of this incident, they simply said...."It

just wasn't her time."

The only thing that I can come up with (even to this day) is.....
the bumps caused by the railroad crossing, "jolted" her heart to
start beating again!

Any other thoughts or ideas about this????

BTW, the paramedic resigned when his shift was over the next
morning!

[4]

We had a woman the the 3-11 RN sent for the funeral home 3
different times before she actually died and stayed that way. We'd
get her over on the cot on the body bag and she'd start breathing.
It got to be a big joke well is she really dead this time?????? They
stayed quite a while the last time even after she was in the body
bag "just in case".

The vitals were probably so low as to be not able to detct them.
But it sure makes you wonder.

[5]

I was working in a LTC night shift and would always have this one lady come talk to me during the night she would sit in her w/c at the nurses desk never bothering anyone she couldnt sleep and didnt want to be in the room alone. I got to know Mary very well she was dying with diabetes and kidney failure. A few months passed and she developed sores on the lower half of her legs and refused to amputate them stated she knew she was dying and was ready Her and I would joke that it wasnt going to be on my shift I wouldnt allow it.

I had gotten to know Marys family as well as they were coming and going most the time. After one bad night she sat up in bed looked at me and was comenting about the red aura i had around me also about the lady that was standing right behind me I had my back next to the wall and can say no one was there but she had also told her daughter that I was the twin of her that had died at birth. I became part of her family that night

About 3 weeks later I had just gotten back to work after being gone 4 days I walked in Mary's room and she lay there dying and hadnt been awake for 2 days My adopted sister had stated that she was waiting for me to get back to work to pass on I went into the room and said my goodbyes and told her again that she couldnt go on my shift But we had talked during the long nights that when she did pass she was going to send me a signal to let me know she had gotten there and that everything would be alright it was kinda like a night time joke for us. Later on that same shift myself and the aides were sitting down and talking when a call light went off in a room down a empty hall we went to go there (spooky at night there was 5 of us total) and no light was showing but it was still going off all of us looked at each other as we left the room I sent 2 aides down one hall to do a check the other 2 went down another hall . They came back to get me saying that mary was gone when i heard this the call lights stopped i was crying and laughing at the same time i was sadden

about her passing but in my own weird way I think the call light was her saying that she was where she's supposed to be and it was going to be alright seems like Mary kept her promise.

[6]

I heard this from a med nurse at a SNF where I worked as a CNA. He was a corpsman in the Navy at the time, working at a Naval hospital in Baltimore (I think). Anyway this hospital was next to a military cemetery, that dated all the way back to the Revolutionary War. One night he was passing meds and saw a man walking towards him in old fashioned military garb, you know like those Civil War re-enactors, and that's what he thought he was seeing until he realized that he could see thru the guy. He was so scared that he couldn't move and watched this apparition walk right thru his med cart, thru the wall to the outside and head back toward the cemetery. He put in for a transfer the next day.

[7]

I've been a hospice nurse for 5 years. I have been with hundreds of people at the time of their death & I can tell you first hand that if the patient is alert enough to speak, you'll hear them talking to loved ones that have already passed over. I had a patient last week that kept saying where did the precious baby go? His grown children were at his bedside kept naming off grandchildren's names thinking he wanted to see them one more time. He kept telling them no, that wasn't the baby he was talking about. Finally

one of the daughters asked him if it was Randall he was talking about, his face face lit up & he said "Yes, my precious baby. Your Mother brought him here & now I don't see him". Come to find out Randall was a child of his that only lived 6 hours after birth & his wife died 6 years ago. It gives me a kind of peace knowing we are not going to be alone at the time of our "transition".

[8]

When my Mom passed away she talked to my Dad who had passed away 5 years earlier. She got this big smile on her face and commented on how young and handsome he was. She also talked about a big rock that was in the room, and that when they moved the rock it would be her turn to go. It is comforting to know that my parents are together again.

I went through an Agnostic phase when I was a teen. But I have seen things I cannot explain, and it has renewed my faith. My parents still visit me in my sleep. Usually when I am conflicted about something. They will come and haunt my dreams until I make the right decision. I guess even in death they are still looking out for me.

[9]

I am not a nurse yet, but have worked in health care for a number of years. I worked with mentally and physically disabled people in

a residential setting which is privately owned.

Each house had up to 14 residents. The house I worked at lost a resident to heart failure the year prior. I worked the evening shift. Near the end of my shift, Relli (co-worker) and I were cleaning up and getting food out for the meals the next day. All the residents were in bed. I heard knocking on one of the bathroom doors down the west hall, in view of the kitchen.

Relli stayed in the kitchen while I went to investigate, no one was near or in the bathroom and as I stood there, there was knocking. Talk about hair raising. Well I ran back to the kitchen and saw Relli pointing with surprise down to the end of the hall I was just in. There, at the fire door stood a man in a plaid shirt, dark rimmed glasses and blue pants. He waved. I knew he was not a resident of this house and called out to him. There was no light on in the hall, but we could tell what this man looked like as there was some light from the kitchen and the exit sign....

I reluctantly walked down the hall and flipped on the light...as the light came on, the man disappeared....I thought I was crazy but Relli saw it too...we told the night shift about it and Juanita laughed and said "Come here honey, I wanna show you somethin," she was a bubbly woman. She pulled out a scrap book and pointed out a man, the man I saw in the hall..."Is this the guy?" I said "yes how did you know?" She chuckled and said "That's Henry. He likes to say hi to new people...he isn't harmful, he died last year and his room was down there.."

[10]

I used to work in a 6 bed PICU and was there late one night with

another nurse and a CNA. The room on the very end was unoccupied and we were fairly quiet that night. As we sat at the nurses station we heard this beeping sound twice in a row. We knew this sound but couldn't recall from where. It happened every few minutes as we hunted for it and kept telling each other that it was a sound we heard daily, but what from?? Then we followed it down the unit into the vacant room. The sound was the double beep our beds made in the mornings when we weighed our patients. Spooky thing was..no patient in the bed. OK, so it's malfunctioning, right...nope the bed was unplugged from the wall and the plug lay on top of the mattress. That could be explained away with the battery was low.....except these beds don't have a battery in them. When they are unplugged nothing works on them. That along with the crying baby we heard from that room occasionally really freaked us night shifters out.

[11]

While working the night shift in our ICU/CCU we had several patients die in Rm. 11 in the past week. This night, the room was empty, the glass door was closed, and the ICU was quiet. Suddenly the call light for Rm. 11 started going off and then the light came on over the bed. I looked at the Montior Tech , she looked at me, and then we both shivered. Why was the call light :uhoh21: going off in an empty room and how did the light turn on by itself???

Definitely spooky!! After that , we called it the haunted room for several years.

There have been many times over the years when a patient has told me they were going to die, or that a dead family member was there to get them, and then quickly died. This does not seem

spooky, it just makes you realize that people often know they are about to die and we should listen to them. Often they are not afraid. These "visitors" seem to be a calming presence.

I had one elderly woman ,who was doing well post AMI, tell me she was not going to make it. I told her she was doing fine at the moment and asked her what made her feel that way. She said that the angels were coming for her and then she immediately went asystole. We were not able to resuscitate her. That is the quickest I have had someone die after telling me they were going to.

[12]

I used to work recovery room at night. On slow nights, I would often be alone in there several hours since housekeeping didn't come in til after midnight.

I was doing stats and charges at the computer one evening, and heard a woman crying miserably. Since the PACU was in a back hallway not on the main drag, I thought maybe someone who was upset had found their way back there to grieve alone over something. I got up to find this person and see if I could help in some way, but there was no one there. No one outside the doors, no one in the preop holding area, no one in the hallways, no one in the closed pain clinic which was just off the recovery room area. Yet I plainly kept hearing her cry, seemingly just around the corner from me, but loudest near where I'd been sitting. Finally, it stopped.

It wasn't really scary, just sad. But I still went and hung out with the night crew in the OR for the rest of the shift in their lounge.

[13]

I'm with you all who say that ghosts, or the spirits who stay behind after death are not here to harm us. I haven't seen a lot of ghosts, but I have felt the presence of several. In fact, there is a ghost in my house. I haven't ever seen him/her, but this ghost likes my screwdriver for some reason. No matter how many times I put it back in the drawer, it's never where it needs to be when I want it. My boyfriend is not handy by any means, and he never uses it, so I know it's not him. I hear this "ghost" walking around in the house when I'm home alone, but I've never seen him/her. Maybe I will, maybe I won't.

I used to work the late shift at the movie theater, and theater number 9 has a ghost. It's a little girl, around 3 years old, with long curly blonde hair, in this frilly little blue dress from I would say late 1800s kind of period. The story is, she was killed on that site back around the turn of the century, and she was killed (hung I think) by her parents. She's scared to go on to the afterlife because she's afraid her parents will be there. There's no explanation for it and most people don't believe me, but I have seen her. Theater number 9 is always cold, no matter what temp you set the thermostat on, and last night my bf and I went to see Batman in theater 9, and my R hand was cold the whole time. I think she was holding my hand.

One of the projection managers who worked with me when I worked there used to talk to this little girl all the time. This little

girl likes to hang out by the projector, and the manager was trying to reassure her that if she went on to heaven, Jesus would protect her, and her parents couldn't get her if she went to heaven, but I guess her paranormal psychotherapy wasn't working, 'cause I know I felt the presence of this little girl last night while we were watching Batman. Haven't seen any ghosts or spirits at the hospital yet - still waiting.

[14]

I've worked in several nursing homes since 1997, so I've had plenty of run-ins with restless spirits.

At this one nursing home, there were three different wings. North, East and West. West wing was the "heavy" hall. Mostly tube-feeders and total care. East was the Medicare/short-term rehab wing. Then there was North. North had a pretty eclectic mix of patients of differing levels of acuity. There was a short hall and a long hall. However, to the back of North wing, there was a long hall that had about ten private rooms, a day room on one end and a small dining room on the other end. The residents back on this hall (called 400 hall) were all ambulatory and even a few "wanderers".

Now, I generally worked from 3-11, but on this particular night, the 11-7 girl was sick so I was asked to stay. As I was off the next night, I agreed. Since I was working a double, I was given the assignment on 400 hall. It was an easy assignment as most of the residents were continent and the few that weren't were really light weight.

Anyhow, I was sitting in the dining room with the lights off, charting by the dimmed hall lights when I caught something out of the corner of my eye moving down the hall. Thinking it was one of my "wanderers", I looked up and saw what to this day I still believe was a toddler on a tricycle.

Let me tell you now, I lost it. The ADL book went flying and I skittered up the short hallway to the nurse's station. I relayed my story to the charge nurse and she just sort of chuckled at my expression and explained that one of the residents that had passed away years ago had a grandson that was killed by the back tires of her car. He was in the driveway and she didn't see him and backed right over him. The night the lady died, she was calling out "Tyler, oh my baby Tyler. Nana's coming.". Then she passed.

Everyone has come to the conclusion that the toddler on the tricycle still haunts that hall, looking for his grandma.

Either way, I never worked another 11-7 on 400 hall.

[15]

I had a pt in the delivery room one day. She was crowning and pushing as hard as she can, grunting with the effort. The doctor, the resident and myself were all giving her encouragement. She was pushing like a trooper! Just as the baby was being born the pt gasped and turned her head to the left toward the open scrub room door. She just stared in that direction. (I thought she had a stroke) When I asked her what was wrong she said "Tim" (don't

remember the actual name) was standing in the door way. I looked over and did not see a thing. She was so intent on "tim" she did not even ask if it was a boy or girl!

After the delivery was completed we went to the recovery room. All the family came in to see Mom and the new baby. All the Pt could talk about was seeing "Tim". She described to them what he was wearing. I asked the family who Tim was and they said it was her brother who died 6 months before!

I had goosebumps twice that day. Once when the pt said someone was standing in the doorway. And again when I found out who that someone was! In all my years in nursing that was the spookiest thing to happen. But in a way it is comforting to know that those that have passed on, do know what is going on in our lives.

[16]

I used to work in a nsg home that had a new part that was only like 4 yrs old and the old part that we called the "getto" that was about 40 yrs old. Wierd stuff always happened in the getto part. Like we had a pt that was dying and we had gone in to clean up the room after the family had left for the night and there was a chair that I specifically remember putting against the wall on the other side of the room and every time that we came back the chair was up next to the bed like someone was sitting with her.

Another thing that happened at that place was there were two comatose pts in the same room at the end of the hall and one

noc, their call light kept going on. I kept going in and shutting it off thinking that there was a short or something. I took the nurse down with me to show her that there was nothing going on in the room and then after a couple more times the nurse came back down with me again and the pt had a fiberoptic angel on her top shelf and it just came on by itself and we were like, there must really be a short and the nurse went to unplug it in case of a fire hazard and it wasn't plugged in, no lie.
